DORA COYNE; OR, HID IN THE HEART.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY,

Author of "Gerta's Newrsgaf," "Lindeman Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WEDDING PRESENT.

When his sisters also had gone to their rooms, Sir James sought his study, and stood by the mantelpiece, with his head leaning on his hand, and an anxious look in his eyes. Then he took from his pocket a letter, and laying it open on the shelf, he read it carefully twice.

It was a letter which Mr. Buist had sent to his bankers, requesting them to forward it to his unknown friend, and which they had sent on to Sir James.

"I wish," Kaiser wrote, "that I knew who you are, and could thank you in person for all your goodness to me. I have received your letter. I cannot imagine how you are my debtor, for I never did anybody a kind action in my life—at least, not from any unselfish motive. You must be a good man, with the love of God in your heart. So I will tell you (what, perhaps, I could *not* tell you personally) that I have risen from what seemed my death-bed a different man, and I mean to lead a different life.

"I purpose studying to graduate as a medical missionary, and a field for future labours will doubtless open before me. You will be pleased that your money, which I hold as a sacred trust, is being put to such a use. I hope some day you will let me see you face to face, and that I shall hear the voice of my benefactor bidding me God-speed."

"Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist is all right now, bodily and spiritually; he is on the right road," Sir James said, half aloud; and as he said the words a more tranquil look came back to his face, and he sighed a little sigh of relief.

Just then came a gentle tap at the door, and in answer to his "Come in," Dora entered, with a smile on her lips, but the traces of tears in her eyes.

"He took her face between his hands." p. 50.

"I thought you were asleep hours ago, Dora," he said, very gently; and, advancing to meet her, he took her face between his hands, looked long at it, and then kissed her forehead. She met his eyes frankly, with a look of perfect trust, and she said, "I was not sleepy, only tired, and I did not feel able to talk longer. I came to show you—these," and she held out the book and note.

"Another present! What a number you have got, my dear. This is pretty—your pet colour, too."

Then he glanced at the note. "From Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist. It is thoughtful—of—him. This shows—good—and—proper feeling on the part of—the—young man."

"James"—and her voice shook a little, but still she looked candidly at him—"James, I was a good deal moved by—by Kaiser sending me this—and by his words. I know, of course, that he is—satisfied that things should be as they are. I am—glad that his—attachment was not a very strong one. And, James, I think he sent this Bible to tell me that he—will be guided by it—perhaps; and that he is learning—as I so often wished and prayed he might. James, you don't think it wrong of me to be still praying for Kaiser? Oh, James, you—you don't mind that I—I cried a little over his letter and book?"

"I don't mind, Dora, since you have assured me that you are contented in my love."

"I can rest upon *your* love as I could not upon—his," she said, gently, and she slipped a hand into his.

"That is enough, my dear. Don't let us talk any more about it. Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist goes his way, and *we* go ours. They are different ways, wide apart; but let us hope they both point to the same goal."

"There is something else I wanted to say to-night, James. I want you to know that I have no wish to 'queen it' (as the twins say) in The Grange. It must be hard in some ways for your sisters to resign the outward symbols of supreme authority in your house; and to a girl like me, too! *I* don't care about these outward symbols further than to please you. So please do not insist upon my taking the reins of government all at once. Just let me do little services for you, and help you in your good works in the town, and that sort of thing; but will you leave your sisters and myself to find out by degrees how to fit into each other's angles?"

"I don't know, Dora. To tell the truth, my sisters are rather inclined to take the upper hand at all times, and I fear, if you show yourself willing to yield your place here, they may shove you into a corner. That is what I cannot permit."

"Trust me to keep my place and keep the peace eventually, James. Now do, please, let me have my way in this."

"You mean that I am to say nothing if my sisters assert themselves to your disadvantage?"

"I mean that you are to leave us to assert ourselves, each after her own peculiar method."

"I'll be a mere on-looker, since you beg so prettily, for a space, Dora. That is all I can promise."

"And that is all I want," she said; and then she went back to her room, while Sir James took up the letter he had left on the shelf, and put it back in his pocket. As he did so he muttered, "Later I'll let her know; but not now. I *can't* tell her yet of this change in Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist. When I am perfectly sure how she will take such news I shall tell her."

Dora put the little red Bible on her dressing-table beside her father's last gift, a hymn-book; and as she unbound her hair, she mused in this wise—

"Surely Kaiser has begun to think. I am sure he never would have sent this book if he had not been repenting—not about me, of course, but about his follies. Oh, I know that when he gives his heart to God he will do it largely—freely. Whatever he did was always done in a big way. There was nothing small or mean about Kaiser. He will make a noble Christian. And when he is *that*, he will bless some happy girl: some happy, happy girl. I wonder if *we* shall ever hear more of him. Perhaps! I think this note to Robina looks as if he wanted to be friends again. Indeed, I am sure it does. What a pity he forgot to send an address; but I daresay Robina will find out some way of communicating with him. Robina always thinks of ways and means that escape other people. She is such a dear, helpful creature. She was always very good to Kaiser, and now, as things are, she could help him far more than I could. She would be so glad to help Kaiser, and perhaps—it is possible—Robina might be the happy girl I was thinking of. Kaiser was very fond of Robina; but there! everybody loves her. Still, it might come round that way. Dear me, I *am* tired."

She took up the little red Bible, and turned its leaves slowly, feeling rather sick at heart, and not knowing in the least why she felt so. Then her gaze was arrested by a passage, well known, but never read in the same way by Dora before that night: "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

"My life! my life! Hid! Once I thought my life could not go on without Kaiser. Once I felt as if all the strings of life were bound to him. Yet I am content without him. Am I content? Surely, oh, surely I am. Ah! well for me that I was leaning on a surer arm than any arm of flesh! Well for me that my life is hid with Christ in God! God, I thank Thee that, in spite of trial, and sorrow, and bitter heart-pain, there remaineth the peace which passeth understanding."

CHAPTER IX.

WHO IS THE MISTRESS?

"How that girl manages to live happily with those two old women I cannot imagine," said one of the gossips of Hackleton, referring to the ladies of Oldham Grange; and another scandal-monger made reply—

"They have shoved her into a corner, of course. She has nothing to say in the house. I wonder Sir James allows it, for there is no doubt he is fond of his wife."

Another, more merciful in judgment, remarked—

"At any rate, Dora thrives in the corner, and seems rather to enjoy it."

"I suppose she has to make the best of it, that's about the truth; but she might have known how things would be. I wonder her mother allowed the girl to go into a house already too much mistressed."

"Mrs. Falconer was no doubt too pleased to secure such a good match for her daughter to think of making terms."

"Does anybody know what became of Mr. Buist? People did say that Dora was engaged to him."

"So I have heard, and they say she threw him over for Sir James. It is certain that the poor young man has not been seen in Hackleton since it began to be whispered that the Falconers were angling for Sir James, and I have no doubt the story is true."

"It is a very bad story, but that's just the way those very pious young ladies do. And Dora Falconer always made herself busy in the schools and back alleys. That was the

sort of thing to please Sir James. She is a clever girl."

All unconscious of the talk circulating about her, Dora went on her serene way, doing the duties which lay in her path, finding happiness and pleasure in striving to make the lives of those around her more bright for her presence, and never permitting a regret to darken her sky. She knew the secret of quenching discontent and all repining. Whenever she was threatened by these she instantly set herself to counting her blessings and giving thanks for them. When we truthfully set ourselves to compare our possessions and our losses we find that the former (in *all* cases) far outnumber the latter.

We take our most valuable blessings as matters of course because they come to us hourly, without effort on our part, and we lose sight of them in vain regrets for some vanished joy. It is only when health, the light of the sun, the balmy airs, our daily bread, the dear home faces, the home itself—one or other is withdrawn, that we learn their infinite preciousness.

Sir James Coyne was a practical man and a shrewd, and though he saw a great deal that folks believed escaped his vision, he had a way of not suspecting troubles where they did not make themselves apparent.

He studied his young wife, and he satisfied himself before long that she was indeed resting fully in his affection, cherishing no regrets, and making herself happy in his home.

The few uneasy thoughts he had had vanished, but he did not tell Dora about the change in Mr. Buist; perhaps he forgot in part about the young man, when satisfied that he was "all right."

I do not know whether it was the young life in the house, or the spirit of glad religion which Dora carried with her, that began to thaw Miss Coyne and to entice Miss Susan out of her shell. For some weeks they were always on the alert expecting "young Lady Coyne" (there had never been a dowager of the name, but they always put the juvenile adjective before Dora's title) to assert herself in a disagreeable way, but she never did. She consulted their wishes in everything, deferred to their judgment, and when either wishes or judgment ran counter to her own, she either yielded gracefully or let the matter slip aside until a more opportune moment.

It generally happened, as Dora knew it would, that the thing she wanted commended itself to the spinsters' good sense, when they took time to consider it, and got the credit of the idea; so, in her good-natured and adroit way, she would contrive that one or other of them should suggest the thing she had proposed; and Dora never was so silly as to remind them of the true originator by such remarks as "That's just what *I* thought." "You see *I* was right."

"What does it matter?" she said to her mother, when that matron was grumbling that Dora had not got the credit for a vast improvement in the position of a drawing-room's furniture. The room in question had been a place to awe beholders, so filled with expensive articles set about it without the smallest taste or discretion. Dora's indirect suggestions, hints, and gradual alterations had changed the chaos of valuable upholstery into a most attractive apartment; but Miss Martha, who had bustled and whisked about and carried out her sister-in-law's views as if they were her own, took credit for them, which displeased Mrs. Falconer.

"You've made The Grange another place altogether. Everybody remarks how tasteful and pretty it is now, and I don't see why people should not know it is *you*, not they," said the indignant mother.

"If things are as I like them anybody may have the credit who pleases, madre. And really I see no harm in letting the dear old souls imagine that they have correct taste. They don't mean to defraud me of my proper meed of praise, that I know. They never once imagine that I am anything more than a 'nice little girl,' 'not assuming,' and 'easy to get on with.' What more can I desire—from them? Yes, one thing more, madre; I desire their love, their real, heart-given affection; and I think I am gaining it fast."

"But you are losing your proper position at The Grange, Dora."

"I think not. It is not a matter of vital importance that I should preside over the tea-pots or order the dinner. Martha likes to do the one and Susan the other, and I like to be saved the trouble. It gives me so much more time for other kinds of work. I know all Sir James's poor people now, his refuges, homes, and schools. And then, a *little* spontaneous respect and deference from Martha or Susan, given occasionally, is so much nicer than forced homage at all times!"

"But, my dear child, people notice things, and they will speak, you know. I hear that in Hackleton, Lady Coyne is spoken of as nobody in her husband's house; and I don't like it."

"Lady Coyne knows very well that she is an important and much-considered person in her husband's house," said Dora, "and I do not care what gossips say."

"Oh, well, if you are content I have nothing more to say," was all Mrs. Falconer could add.

That very day a big triumph was in store for Dora, one which was to be hers in the presence of a number of the tattlers of Hackleton, as well as her mother. Sir James was giving an afternoon party, and though some of the citizens objected to his piety, some to his austere sisters, some to his pretty young wife, they never refused his hospitality. Thus a goodly number of the best people of Hackleton were in The Grange drawing-room when Dora's triumph took place.

I must explain that Miss Susan had always made the hot-houses—particularly the vinery—her particular care. Perhaps she felt their atmosphere beneficial to her naturally severe and arctic temperature. Anyhow, she had spent much time and attention upon those hot-houses, and the fruit there was the envy of many neighbours. Miss Susan had contracted a habit of talking of "*my* pineapple, *my* melons, *my* grapes," and it was her wont daily to lay an offering of fruit beside her brother's plate at breakfast-time. Her mourning would have been long and terrible if that supply had failed her at any season of the year. By marvels of horticulture she contrived that there should be ripe fruit in "*my*" hot-houses all the year round. Now it happened, on the afternoon I speak of, that a "loud" gentleman, who dabbled in hot-houses too, wished to see those at The Grange, and in a voice to be heard all over the room, he said to Dora, "Lady Coyne, I have a favour to ask. Will you allow me to pay a visit to your vinery?" Miss Coyne sat bolt upright and gazed majestically at the inconsiderate man. Sir James looked quickly at Dora, and Miss Susan stopped short in her conversation and frowned ominously. A silence fell on all, for every person there knew Miss Susan's weakness regarding those hot-houses, and Hackleton longed to see how the sisters-in-law would act in such a crisis.

Dora's equanimity was not disturbed in the least. She smiled at the loud man, and she said, "I should like very much to show you the hot-houses, Mr. Welch, but they are not within my territory. I wish they were, for they are

something of which their owner and foster-mother may be proud. Perhaps if you come with me and we ask very nicely, Miss Susan will grant your request."

She led Mr. Welch across the room, and said to Miss Susan, "Mr. Welch wants very much to see your fruit and flowers, Susan. I was telling him how you have been improving the vines, and he is anxious to see them. Perhaps you will kindly allow us to walk round. I promise I will not tell any of the secrets of your method, into which I have been admitted."

Up got Miss Susan. "It is very kind of you to—praise my work, Dora," she said; "but you need not have come to me about going to see the vinery."

Then turning round and facing the gossips of Hackleton, but addressing Mr. Welch, she added, "Lady Coyne is good enough to make us feel that we have lost none of our old privileges at Oldham Grange in winning a dear young sister. Dora, my dear, we will take Mr. Welch to the hot-houses, and see if there are not a few grapes left for a spy to carry off!"

The three moved away, and conversation burst out on every side, as people became aware that they had been over-curiously listening to what Dora and Miss Susan said.

But shortly after that Miss Coyne, talking to an amiable and fleshly-ponderous matron, said in a whisper, meant for the ears of two leaders of gossip-society not far off—

"It is so very pleasant having a young bright girl in the house. She is so thoughtful and affectionate. Dearest James has been very fortunate in his wife."

"Dora Falconer," replied the matron, "was always very lively, and had wonderful tact."

"She has what is better, a heart that thinketh no evil, a pure, single-minded heart. She has the fear of God in her. She is a blessing in this house."

As Miss Martha stopped she was aware of Sir James standing close to her chair; he had heard her words, and he bent a look of grateful affection on his sister.

"If you heard my remarks, James," she said, abruptly, "you know I have good cause to speak of your wife so."

"I know my wife and sisters are very comfortable aids to my domestic life. I could not desire better," he answered, with a little laugh. No one knew better than Sir James did how gossips were talking, and nothing could have pleased him more than what Martha had said, but he did not like the subject to be freely discussed; so led the conversation into another channel.

After that there was never any jealous dread of Dora's supremacy in the behaviour of the Misses Coyne. In indirect ways they gradually began to let her take the lead. They even found pleasure ere long in seeing others pay marked deference to their brother's wife. "Young Lady Coyne" became a most important person in their eyes.

The result of such a change was much more beneficial to the spinsters than to any other person. It was the opening of windows, the letting in of sunlight, the smoothing down of angles, the softening of starch, the melting of ice. But all this took some time to do, and we must retrace our steps and take up the main thread of our narrative again.

"The Misses Coyne are not such ancient snow-wreaths as we used to fancy them," said Joe Falconer, in a confidential moment, to Robina.

"I think Doe has melted the snow!" she answered.

"Doe is jolly and happy at Oldham Grange after all," said Joe. "I really didn't like the notion of her marrying Sir James at one time. And then, Robina, I always thought she was so deeply attached to poor old Kaiser; and Dora isn't a shallow girl, changing her mind, like her bonnet, every few months. But, my goodness, how little we fellows understand of girl's ways, after all! Dora is just as much in love with Sir James as need be. She doesn't glow when he speaks to her, and get confused and forget what she was talking about when he comes into the room—like she used to do about Kaiser; but then Sir James is so calm and practical, there isn't room to get sentimental about him, and Kaiser was so impetuous and loverly in his ways, he was bound to put a girl into a fluster. Well, I'm glad she's happy, dear old Doe! I shall often be thinking of her, flitting about Oldham Grange like a singing-bird, when I am 'cramming' at Edinburgh, as I expect I shall be in a week's time."

(To be continued.)

WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips,
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by, for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet, that go
Along the path with ours, feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute.
Nor turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

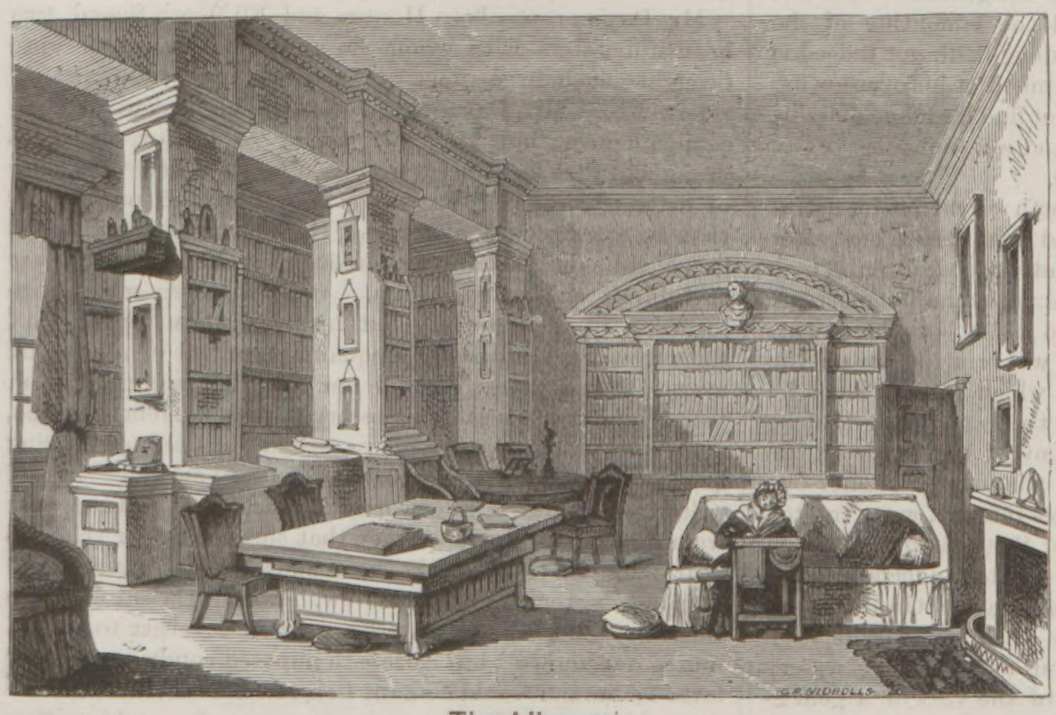
So many little faults we find,
We see them! for not blind
To love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night,
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light.
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

Edgeworthstown

It will be impossible, in the short limits of this article, even though it be extended to two numbers of the MOTHERS' COMPANION, to give anything like a full account of the long life of Maria Edgeworth. She lived for nearly eighty-three years, from 1st January, 1767, to 22nd May, 1849; and through her own and her father's friends she was brought into touch with nearly all the leading men and women connected with the stirring political and literary events of that period. What this implies will be best realised if we consider that her lifetime comprised the whole period of the French Revolution, the War of Independence in the United States, the long wars of England with Napoleon, the landing of the French in Ireland (her native country), the passing of the Act of Union between England and Ireland, Catholic Emancipation, the Abolition of Slavery in the British Dominions, the passing of the first Reform Bill, the Irish Famine of 1847, and the outbreak of revolutionary socialism on the Continent in 1848. These are some of the most burning of the political events of which she was a witness; the literary and social history of the same period is hardly less remarkable. She lived in the centre of a world made brilliant by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Burns, Keats, Scott, and Jane Austen. She knew Mrs. Fry, Wilberforce, and Sydney Smith, as representing some of the most important of the social movements of her time; among her friends in the scientific world were Ricardo, the political economist, Darwin, the naturalist, whose fame has been overshadowed by that of his grandson, the great Charles Darwin of our own times, Sir Humphry Davy, the Herschells, Mrs. Somerville, and James Mill. She knew Mrs. Siddons, and heard her recite in her own house the part of Queen Katherine in the play of "Henry the Eighth." She was the intimate friend, and connection by marriage, of "Kitty Pakenham," the first Duchess of Wellington, wife of "the Great Duke." She lived to see the old stage coaches supplanted by our modern railways; she was the interested eye-witness of the gradual introduction of the steam-engine into all departments of industry, a change which Sir Walter Scott said he looked on "half proud, half sad, half angry, and half pleased." She might well feel, as old age approached, that she had "warmed both hands at the fire of life." No life could have been fuller than hers of every sort of interest and activity. She said in a letter to a friend, written after a dangerous illness: "When I felt it was more than probable that I should not recover, with a pulse above 120, and at the entrance of my seventy-sixth year, I was not alarmed. I felt ready to rise tranquil from the banquet of life, where I had been a happy guest. I confidently relied on the goodness of my Creator" ("Study of Maria Edgeworth," by Grace A. Oliver, p. 521).



The Library.

Maria Edgeworth's family was one of English origin, which had settled in Ireland in the reign

of Queen Elizabeth. The Edgeworths intermarried into Irish, Welsh, and English families, but always maintained strong Irish sympathies.

There were many remarkable men and women in the Edgeworth family before the birth of our heroine, but space forbids the mention of more than one, her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, whose name and fame are intimately associated with those of his daughter. Mr. Edgeworth was a most extraordinary man; at one moment one admires him, at another one laughs at him, but one must always be astonished by him. "To put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes" would have been a congenial task to him. He made clocks, built bridges, raised spires, invented telegraphs, manufactured balloons, ink and soap, constructed locks on his bedroom doors of such a complicated nature, that his guests were afraid to shut their doors lest they never should be able to open them again.

When on a journey in France about 1770, he stayed at Lyons, and carried out a plan for diverting the Rhone from its course, thereby saving a large tract of country that had previously been inaccessible; for this service the city of Lyons rewarded him by a grant of land; this property, however, was confiscated a few years later during the Revolution.

He raised a corps of volunteer infantry in Ireland, to which Roman Catholics as well as Protestants were admitted, although at that time the sentiment of religious equality was regarded as akin to infidelity and disloyalty. He was born in England, and educated partly here and partly in Ireland; like most of the Edgeworths, he came of a mixed race, his mother being a Welshwoman of considerable literary acquirements and faculties; his first remarkable performance was a runaway marriage, which he contracted at the age of nineteen, with a Miss Elers, a lady of German origin, whom he appears rather to have disliked than otherwise. A runaway marriage with a girl whom he really loved would have been too commonplace a proceeding, in those days, for this eccentric young gentleman. Speaking of this lady, Mr. Edgeworth wrote: "My wife was prudent, domestic, and affectionate, but she was not of a cheerful temper. She lamented about trifles; and the lamenting of a female, with whom we live, does not render home delightful." It is not recorded if Mrs. Edgeworth found the lamenting of the male with whom she lived any more delightful, nor indeed is it evident that her husband devoted much of his overflowing energy to lamentation. As he did not find his home delightful, he spent very little time in it, and was not long before he found pleasant society elsewhere.

One can never think of Mr. Edgeworth apart from his extraordinary domestic history. He had four wives, one after another, in rapid succession, and twenty-two children. There were four children, of whom Maria was one, by the first marriage with the "lamenting female." The eldest of these, born when his father was under twenty, was brought up on the principles advocated by Rousseau, which may perhaps be summarised as never forcing a child to do anything that he does not wish to do. One experiment of this kind appears to have sufficed for the family; the other twenty-one children, or such of them as survived infancy, were treated according to other theories. Indeed, it seems to have been part of Maria's education that she was to undertake, for a part of every day, some study or occupation that was uncongenial to her. Mr. Edgeworth's theories of education seem to have been almost as numerous as his family; a story is told in the book already quoted, of the visit of a gentleman to Edgeworthstown House in Ireland; on rejoining the ladies after dinner, the guest was imprudent enough to exclaim on the beauty of the golden hair of one of the younger girls. Mr. Edgeworth instantly took his daughter by the hand, walked across the room, opened a drawer, held her head over it, and with a large pair of scissors cut off all her hair close to her head. "As the golden ringlets fell into the drawer, this extraordinary father said, 'Charlotte, what do you say?' She answered, 'Thank you, father.' Turning to his guests, he remarked, 'I will not allow a daughter of mine to be vain.'"

Among the friendships that had a powerful influence on Mr. Edgeworth's character must be mentioned that with Mr. Day, the author of a book which is still well known, "Sandford and Merton." Mr. Day was an even more extraordinary man than Mr. Edgeworth. He entirely set at naught all the usual habits of society; we are told that he "seldom combed his raven locks." He professed to think love had been the greatest curse to mankind, and announced in season and out of season his determination never to marry. It appears that the assistance of a great many ladies was needed to help him for a time to keep his word. He made offers of marriage to Margaret Edgeworth, his friend's sister, to Honora and Elizabeth Sneyd (who became later the second and third wives of Mr. Edgeworth); and failing to induce any of these ladies to accept him, he adopted two orphan girls from the Foundling with the object of educating one of them to such a pitch of perfection that she should be fit to be his wife. In order to foster the quality of "fortitude in females," he used to drop hot sealing-wax on their bare arms, and fire off pistols, charged with powder only, at their petticoats. One of the two little girls could never entirely overcome the tendency to make use of some vehement expression of pain or alarm under these circumstances. This Mr. Day considered a fatal disqualification for ever promoting her to be his wife. The other, to whom the romantic names of Sabrina Sydney had been given, was more promising, and at one time it seemed as if the perilous honour of being Mrs. Day would be hers. However, she was saved by her disobedience to his injunctions against wearing a particular kind of sleeve and handkerchief which were then in fashion. Upon this piece of self-will, we are told that "he at once and decidedly gave her up."

Mr. Day's proposals to Honora and Elizabeth Sneyd, two beautiful sisters with whom he and Mr. Edgeworth were brought much in contact at Lichfield, have been already referred to. Mr. Day pretended to despise beauty and to condemn love; but Honora's beauty so far overcame his prejudices that he at least professed love for her. His offer of marriage, however, was more like an ultimatum of war than an expression of affection. He sent her a huge packet, in which he detailed all the conditions he should expect her to fulfil if she married him. One of these was entire seclusion from all society but his own. She replied that she "would not admit the unqualified control of a husband over all her actions: she did not feel that seclusion from society was indispensably necessary to preserve female virtue, or to secure domestic happiness. And she declined leaving her mode of life for any 'dark and untried system'" (p. 46, "Study of Maria Edgeworth"). Mr. Day was deeply wounded, but it was his vanity that suffered rather than his heart; for in three weeks he made a similar overture to Honora's sister, Elizabeth. Now, however, the tables were turned. Whether the sisters conspired together to punish him is not known; but Elizabeth imposed conditions on her lover before she would consent to receive his attentions; she declared she could never marry a man who could neither

fence, dance, nor ride, and had none of the accomplishments of a gentleman. These were the very qualities Mr. Day had chiefly exercised his philosophy in deriding and denouncing. "How could he," cried Miss Elizabeth, with cruel logic, "with propriety abuse and ridicule talents in which he appeared deficient?" Mr. Day therefore repaired to France with Mr. Edgeworth in order to acquire those polite accomplishments of which it had been the pride of his heart to know nothing. Poor Mr. Day!

> "How many a month I strove to suit
> These stubborn fingers to the lute!
> To-day I venture all I know.
> She will not hear my music? So!
> Break the string; fold music's wing:
> Suppose Pauline had bade me sing."

When he came back from France, cruel Elizabeth laughed in his face, and said she had liked him best as he was before. Notwithstanding all these unsuccessful attempts, Mr. Day found a wife at length. She was a lady of large fortune which, of course, he "despised" and appropriated. She conformed to all her husband's whims, and honestly believed him to be the best and most distinguished of men. "That's what a man wants in a wife mostly," as Mrs. Poyser says; "one who'd pretend she didn't know which end she stood uppermost till her husband told her." Mr. Day fell a victim at last to one of his numerous theories. He disapproved of the professional method of breaking in colts, and undertook to train one upon an improved plan of his own. The animal plunged violently and threw him; he had concussion of the brain, and died a few minutes after his fall. Poor Mrs. Day was so inconsolable that she took to her bed, and died two years later. She must have been a woman of the type of Milton's Eve: "Herself, though fairest, unsupported flower." When her prop was gone, she drooped and died.

During Mr. Edgeworth's residence at Lyons his first wife, Maria's mother, died, and in a few months he married the beautiful Honora Sneyd. The social circle at Lichfield, in which Honora had lived before her marriage, contained many distinguished persons, among them Dr. Darwin, and Miss Anna Seward, the poetess. Honora herself had been engaged, or partly engaged, to Major André, the unfortunate officer whose execution as a spy by the Americans during the War of Independence caused such deep indignation in England. Her marriage to Mr. Edgeworth, in 1773, and her death in 1780, took place before the melancholy end of Major André's life. The association of Honora's name with that of Major André is mentioned here as an illustration of the way in which the Edgeworth family were connected, in some form or another, with many of the most interesting events of the times in which they lived. Another such incident is to be found in the fact that the Abbé Edgeworth, a relative who had become a Roman Catholic priest, and had lived many years in France, attended Louis XVI. upon the scaffold, and received his last words.

Of the charm and goodness of the beautiful Honora there can be no doubt. She won all hearts. Her little step-daughter, Maria, loved her dearly, and admired her as much as she loved her. She remembered, in after years, standing at her step-mother's dressing-table and looking up at her with a sudden thought, "How beautiful." The second Mrs. Edgeworth became, under her husband's tuition, a very good mechanic; and together they wrote a little book for children, called "Harry and Lucy." Very few books for children had at that time been written, so that they were very early in a field which has since found so many labourers. Mrs. Honora discerned Maria's remarkable qualities of mind. When the latter was only twelve years old her step-mother wrote to her expressing the pleasure she felt in being able to treat the young girl "as her equal in every respect but age." Mr. Edgeworth, too, fully appreciated and studiously cultivated Maria's gifts, and encouraged her in every way to treat him with openness and familiarity. This conduct was a very great contrast with the extreme stiffness and formality which then prevailed generally between parents and children. It was near this time, but a little later, that the well-known writer, William Godwin, was reproached by his mother with his too great formality in addressing her; he had been accustomed to speak and write to her as "Madam," and she says in one of her letters to him that "Hon'd Mother" "would be full as agreeable." Therefore the terms of friendly familiarity and equality between Maria and her parents were the more remarkable. The happiness of Mr. Edgeworth's second marriage was unclouded, except by the symptoms of consumption in Honora, which warned them that an inevitable parting was at hand. She died in May, 1780, when Maria was thirteen years old. By his dead wife's side Mr. Edgeworth wrote to Maria impressing upon her all the hopes that he and her step-mother had formed for her future. Very soon after he wrote again and bade her write a short story on the subject of generosity; "it must be taken," he wrote, "from History or Romance, and must be sent the sennight after you receive this; and I beg that you will take some pains about it." The story, when finished, was submitted to the judgment of Mr. William Sneyd, Honora's brother, who said of it, "An excellent story, and extremely well written; but where is the generosity?"—a saying which afterwards became a household word with the Edgeworths.

When Honora was dying she had solemnly begged her husband and her sister Elizabeth to marry each other after her own death. Such marriages at that time were not illegal, and eight months after Honora's death her sister and Mr. Edgeworth were married in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. Not long after this the first really important event of Maria's life took place, when she went with her father and the rest of his family to take up her residence in her Irish home. At the impressionable age of fifteen, after having lived long enough in England to judge of the differences between the two countries, she was introduced to an intimate acquaintance with rural life in Ireland. Her father employed no agent for the management of his property, but invited and expected Maria to help him in all his business. In this way she acquired a thorough insight into the charm, the weakness and the strength, the humour and the melancholy of the Irish character.

AUNT ETHEL'S "RAINY-DAY CLUB."

BY EMMA C. HEWITT.

"NOW, Aunt Ethel, what have you new for us to-day?" asked Howard, after the "rainy-day mending" had been successfully accomplished, and the glue put in its proper place in the "Rainy-day box"—for Aunt Ethel thoroughly believed in the old adage, "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

"How do you know that I have anything new at all?" questioned Aunt Ethel, with a pleasant smile. "See here, little people, if you are going to try some-

thing new every time, when do you intend to finish the old? Now, I propose that, as it is tiresome to do one thing all the time, we shall have two occupations on hand, and we will work at one for one part of the day and finish with the other. So to-day we will work on our scrap-book for an hour, then we will add what animals we have collected to our menagerie——"

"Noah's nark," corrected Baby Jack, who had been listening gravely to the plans for the day.

"Yes, Baby Jack, to our 'Noah's Ark,' and *then* we will——" Aunt Ethel paused, teasingly, a merry light dancing in her eyes.

"*What*, Aunt Ethel? Eh! Aunt Ethel? We will *what?*" implored the children, beseechingly.

"We will—make a kaleidoscope."

"But, Aunt Ethel, how *can* we?" asked Howard, whose courage was apt to give out before any task which looked formidable.

"Oh, I guess Aunt Ethel knows," interposed Cecile.

After the scrap-book and menagerie had been attended to, Aunt Ethel produced some four or five little scraps of coloured glass and a bead or two, which she had in a tin box.

"Now, children," said she, "these little scraps will make the most delightful pictures."

"Just like the *real?*" asked Howard the doubtful.

"Just like the real," answered Aunt Ethel, "for they *are* the real. Our kaleidoscope will not, perhaps, be as handsome as those we buy in the stores, but it will make pretty pictures, and just think what a pleasure it will be to little lame Jamie Burton. Poor little fellow! he sees so little that is pretty."

The idea struck the children as being especially favourable. Inherent in the child-mind is the desire to do something for somebody, unless the child be born exceptionally selfish. Even if the latter is the case, much of it can be *cultivated out* of him. Give a boy hammer, nails, and wood, and tell him to pound to his heart's content, and the chances are ten to one that he will soon tire of the amusement. Give him the same material, and tell him to make *a box for mother's buttons or spools*, and you have added an interest that will keep him at his work, in all probability, a much longer time. So, now, the idea of making a kaleidoscope for Jamie Burton, who was lame and had so few amusements, rendered the work doubly pleasing. Aunt Ethel next produced two strips of window glass, about nine inches long and an inch and a half broad, coated on one side with a little Brunswick-black. Besides these she had two nearly round pieces, about two inches in diameter, a sheet of stout cardboard, some tissue paper, and some gaily-coloured bookbinders' paper.

"Now we're ready. Howard, cut a piece of cardboard ten inches long and seven broad. Roll this into a cylinder; you will have a good inch for wrap, if you make your cylinder two inches across. Glue it firmly."

"But it keeps slipping apart all the time, Aunt Ethel!"

"Roll it over this stick, then. There! don't you see? You can keep running your finger up and down the seam, pressing it firmly all the time, until it is dry. Now, Cecile, cut a perfectly round piece of cardboard two inches across."

"How shall I get it round and just right, Aunt Ethel?"

"Make two knots in a piece of string, an inch apart. Put your finger on one, and stick a pin in the other, moving the pin slowly round (keeping your finger steadily on the other knot) until you come back to where you started. No, no, not there! That would be extravagant. Never cut a little thing like that out of the middle of a large piece. You may ruin the large piece for any other use. There! cut it out of this corner here. See! One must exercise economy, or perhaps one will have no cardboard to lay away in the 'rainy-day box' for future use. Now, girlie! Howard's cylinder is dry, and we will finish. Cut me a piece of tissue paper the same size as the round cardboard. Now fasten this to one of the pieces of round glass, with a mite of gum at the edges, just to keep it in place. Now we will slip our plain piece of glass in just about a quarter of an inch below the edge. It goes in a little hard, you see, so that will make it keep its place. Now the bits of glass and the beads.

"Now, directly at the end, comes the *other* round, with the tissue paper inside. This we will fasten to the cylinder neatly with a little strip of well-gummed paper. There! now we have the foundation of our pictures established. Turn it the other end up. See! I shall slip in my long strips now, at an angle—that is, two edges close together, two edges far apart. See! I put a mite of gum along the edges so that they will better stay in place. We are nearly finished now. Cecile, cut a small round hole, directly in the centre of the cardboard round which you cut a few moments ago. There! that is to look through. Now we will fasten this on at this end, in the same way in which we fastened the glass at the other, by putting a little strip of well-gummed paper round it."

"Now it is all done, isn't it, Aunt Ethel?"

"All finished, as far as use is concerned, but shall we not make it pretty as well? I think so. We will cover it all over with this gay paper I have here, and then it will *really* be finished."

A few turns of the scissors, a few touches of gum, and the kaleidoscope, "just like the real," was an accomplished fact.

"Must this one go to Jamie Burton? Can't we keep this ourselves and make Jamie another?" asked Howard.

"Yes, you could do that; but as you made this for Jamie, don't you think it would be better to give this to him, and then make your own the next rainy day? You can use this one, you know, till to-morrow."

The children assented, albeit a little regretfully, but they felt that Aunt Ethel wished it.

"Ethel, I would like to ask you if there was any principle involved in your preferring the children to give that particular kaleidoscope away?" asked Mrs. Melton, that evening, after the children had gone to bed.

"Well yes, there was, or rather there *were*, for I was moved by two or three things. I am one who looks beyond, or tries to look beyond, the present. They had made that kaleidoscope for someone else, and to me it was the property of someone else. They would always have had an uncomfortable feeling about it, if they had kept for *themselves* something which they had made to give away. It would have helped to instil into them principles of selfishness. One more thing was the fact that they had started it with one object in view, and to change that object from no cause but that of selfish desire did not seem to me a good principle to go upon. Had there been any good reason for their changing their minds, had some one nearer home needed it, had Baby Jack wanted it even, I would not have had a word to say. I do not know whether I have made myself plain, sister, but I am so anxious that *my* children shall be *steady of purpose*, that I always like them, when possible, even in their amusements, to carry out their *original idea*. I think it tends to keep them from being vacillating."

"I think you are right, but I do not believe I even thought much about it before."

GIRLS.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

XII.—Girls I have known.

Like most people, I should say, I have known a few girls and women excelling in virtue—a few, alas! excelling in malice and wrong-doing, and a great many either moderately good or moderately bad. Of the unhappy girls and women who live to make strife and mar the happiness of their neighbours I have said a good deal in the last paper. All I would add here is to beg and beseech such girls and their guardians, to pause while the girls are yet young and life is still before them, while their natures continue plastic. Young creatures shrink with indignant incredulity from what assuredly will be the consequences of unbridled folly and unchecked temper. Let them stop and think, strive and pray, that the roots of bitterness may be cast out of their nature, and God in His mercy and grace may give them new hearts "good and honest," and nobly meek spirits, thus converting them from a curse into a blessing to all connected with them.

Of the mass of girls who are neither very good nor very bad, it does not seem worth while at present to write more than that there is such a thing as a low and base content with inferior acquirements, in the pursuit of virtue as well as in other aims, that where one's standard ought to be the highest it is no merit—rather a grave demerit, to rest satisfied with doing tolerably well, "harming nobody," "keeping within bounds," etc., etc. It is a grand and glorious, no less than a blessed thing, to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Where there is such a real hunger and thirst there cannot be what is often ranked as good-natured or philosophical indifference to endless trifling in ourselves and others, to duties slurred over or neglected altogether, to spiteful rivalry, mean self-seeking, slothful self-indulgence, domineering arrogance, and so on, with the hydra heads of our lower and corrupt nature.

The sisters were close friends till death parted them.

I have known two young light-hearted girls, on leaving school, suddenly called to the discharge of serious and trying tasks, however sweetened by love and devotion, and to the incurring of heavy responsibilities. The one girl had to act as chief nurse to a mother dying in her prime, the other to help to watch by a father's death-bed. To the one girl fell, to a large extent, the care of a motherless young family, the last born a mere baby. Boy and girl rallied round the sister, herself little removed from them in age, who long before she was out of her teens became mother and sister in one to

the rest of the motherless brood. Had she failed them they would have been bereft indeed, and the home, deprived of this version of a woman's care, would soon have grown, not only sorrowful, but comfortless and cheerless to the careworn, busy father returning to it for a breathing space from his labour. She laid down for ever the merry thoughtlessness, and girlish freedom to dream her dreams and live her own life free from care and encumbrance, of so many of her contemporaries; she kept at her post, planning and managing for a household with her whole life coloured by family interests and claims long after the other members of the family had grown independent of her fostering supervision.

The other girl, who left the simple ambitions, the gay chatter and madcap frolics of a girls' schoolroom to aid her mother in contending with the disease which was bringing a strong man low, wearing out his strength and fretting his nerves, was not the eldest, but the youngest daughter of the house. For that very reason, among others, she had been her father's pet, and with a kind of tender perversity he chose to be dependent upon her services rather than on those of his elder children. Her girlish ministrations, with which he could not dispense, were somehow less mortifying, because almost laughable, than the aid of older and, one would have thought, better-qualified persons. He submitted to do, at the instigation of her—his baby, as it seemed to him, of a few years back—what he could not bring himself to yield to at the persuasion of her mother or the injunction of his doctor.

The strain was not prolonged, but it left her a little quiet and grave-looking—old-fashioned, people said, for her years. She might have thrown off the effect in time, and recovered the unclouded brightness and joyousness of her youth, for she was still a mere girl, and the worldly circumstances in which she and her widowed mother were left were easy, while their surroundings were pleasant. But first one and then another of the elder members of the family got into trouble, and fell back on her as being disengaged and open to their appeal, as, in fact, their natural property. They called on her to relieve them of their self-imposed burdens. A brother, who had married early, and lost his wife in the course of a few years, desired to go abroad and push his fortune unimpeded by a juvenile troop. He transferred the charge of his young children to his unmarried sister and ageing mother. Another brother followed his example in all respects save that he died almost immediately after reaching one of the colonies, so that there was no hope of his returning and resuming the guardianship of his children.

Still in the morning of her days, this girl was virtually in the position of the mother of a large small family, with all a mother's anxieties increased and intensified by the fact that there was no father near her to bear his share of the burden, while at the same time she was responsible to more than her Maker, herself, and the children, for their welfare. A third brother married, and died. He was speedily followed to the grave by his wife, and their children also were added to the already many-childed house which had an elasticity about its accommodation that forbade the rejection of any orphan, or worse than orphan, with the shadow of a right to its shelter. The doors of other kindred remained rigidly closed, their owners being not ashamed to urge their min ded disqualifications and privileges. But the girl—a girl no longer, for she was a woman before her time, while she was the home-stay of her venerable mother—received all who came to her in the sacred name of helpless childhood as well as of the ties of blood.

Of the three different families reared by the active, responsible maiden, some possessed means, others were largely dependent upon her, encroaching upon her income. But she was fain to preserve a home for herself and them, to which her boys and girls, as she called them, might return for their holidays, or in any sickness or temporary need.

No matron was ever more deserving of honour and love than this maiden, who continued single, though she was really the centre of a large household, and bore early on her comely face that look of brooding thoughtfulness and engrossed yet unselfish pre-occupation which is, as a rule, the stamp of worthy matronhood. It may be engraven on her tombstone, as it was on that of a kinswoman of the French poet Béranger: "She was never a mother, yet sons mourned for her."

I knew still another girl whose family were in a trade in which they had not prospered. Her father had died, and her mother had taken the business into her hands in order to support herself and her young family. But no success attended on the enterprise—in fact, she was compelled to stop payment. Then, by an arrangement legally permissible and not uncommon under the circumstances, the business was put in the name of the young daughter of the family, that it might be started afresh, without the burden of debt which had dragged down the mother, and with some small hope of retrieving her misfortunes.

But in spite of the frequency of such a transfer where men are concerned, and its occasional occurrence among women, all who heard of it and knew anything of its probable results shook their heads. If neither father nor mother had been able to meet their obligations and get money out of the business, how was the part to be performed by a young inexperienced girl who could have no special aptitude for the trade? It was not as in the case of the girl who chose to become a dressmaker instead of a governess in order to keep a home for her younger brothers and sisters. Dressmaking is a woman's work, and few women are entirely destitute of some capacity for it. Besides, the future dressmaker selected her career, and stuck to it. Here there was nothing in the trade which rendered it specially fit for a woman, and this girl made no selection of it—it was, in a manner, forced upon her. Should she fail, all the disgrace of failure and of debt which she could hardly hope to pay would fall on her weak shoulders, and mar her future prospects. People looked with pity on her almost childish figure and delicately cut little face, and felt how hard it was to sacrifice her for an uncertain good to the family.

But there was a stout heart, a steadfast spirit, and a sound judgment in that small woman which many a son of Anak does not possess. She rose to the occasion, put her slight shoulder to the wheel, and, insignificant as the support looked, held it up and kept it going. She secured a skilled and trustworthy foreman, who did what it was impossible for her to do in the practical part of the business. Thenceforward, a good article was offered to the public, and there was no underhand dealing among journeymen and apprentices. She served every lawful day in her shop, and took care that all orders received prompt attention. She kept the books, overruling and putting an end to neglect and disorder.

In a short time the business took a turn for the better. The goods supplied came more and more into demand, until the concern grew gradually one of the most flourishing in the town. The younger children were properly reared and trained. The mother's last days were made easy. The legal bonds over the property were cleared away until it was

wholly the possession of a well-to-do household. The testimony of the whole community to the brave and persevering girl was that but for her "pluck," energy, industry, and self-denial when youthful vanities and dalliance might have claimed her for their own, without much wonder, the family would have sunk into deeper and deeper misfortune till they were steeped in penury.

I should like to say a word of two other girls whom I knew, girls leading more private and less enterprising lives, to a large extent simply fulfilling their domestic duties. They were kinswomen not far removed, and it may be that there was something magnanimous and tender in the strain of blood common to both. The younger of the two, and the one who has more recently passed away, was born and spent her whole life in those happiest circumstances for a family when they have neither too much nor too little of worldly wealth, but command an income which supplies all the necessaries and many of the elegancies of life. It would be difficult to imagine a history which had in it less of the elements of stirring excitement and change, which might have been duller, more self-concentrated. Yet how honourable she made it, how bright and glad with duties done, tasks accomplished, and pleasures honestly earned! What a good daughter, faithful sister, loyal friend, wise mistress, unwearied kindly helper of the poor and needy she was from first to last! What welcome memories she has left behind her! One of the sweetest is a reminiscence of her girlhood. In the middle of her innocent preoccupation and throng of youthful engagements she kept religiously set apart one evening in the fortnight. Whatever befell, she spent this evening with a sick girl, an old playmate, who had been for a long period of years a bed-ridden invalid. The monotony of the sick-room was cheered by the periodical appearance of the early friend, with her smiling face and sympathetic, enlivening talk. Other recollections of her are as she came home on winter afternoons from her Sunday class, weary but happy, the happiest at the tea-table; as she lent her arm to the old mother, that she might go to and from church with her feeble steps lovingly supported.

This girl had trials and sorrows of her own, which would have appeared to many girls enough to engross their whole attention and to call forth the commiseration of their neighbours. But the shadow of her cross fell on none; she bore it unflinchingly, uncomplainingly, I believe well-nigh silently, sure that all was for the best, with her trust in God undiminished. When slow disease and death came upon her, she fought the last enemy gallantly, making little or no moan, discharging every obligation as heartily and thoroughly as ever, so long as the strength for the fulfilment was left her. She was not merely patient but absolutely blithe at every moment's respite from suffering, with the full capacity of enjoyment spared to her to the end. Does any girl fear to tread in her footsteps? Ah, that can only be because of some difficulty in comprehending the beauty and fragrance of her life!

The other girl began to live nearly three-quarters of a century ago, when manners were simpler and customs homelier than they are to-day. At the age of seventeen she removed with her parents and family from the cheerful society of the country town in which she had grown up to the comparative isolation of a remote country house. The means of the family were more or less straitened, the new neighbours were for a time uncongenial to the strangers who had come among them. This girl shared all the anxieties and deprivations of her elders, while she relinquished without a murmur the social pleasures natural to her years. She was entrusted with the education of two of her younger sisters, and amply justified the confidence reposed in her.

She was to a large extent their nurse as well as governess, helping them to dress and undress, doing much to keep their wardrobes in order. She undertook a considerable part of the family sewing, which in those days was done almost entirely at home. In the same way the great family washings were managed by a limited staff of servants, the finer details of the laundry work, the clear-starching, the plaiting, pulling out and delicate handling of cambric net and lace, falling, as a matter of course, to the ladies of the house. These items, heavy in proportion to the size of the family, were mostly her business. She contrived so to gather up the fragments of her time as to accomplish a considerable amount of reading, necessarily desultory, but keenly relished and well digested. She was exceedingly fond of gardening, and succeeded, by early rising, in securing some hours every day in spring, summer, and autumn to keep the large flower-garden in order. It had been laid out by a competent authority on the subject, and once a year was done over by an ordinary labourer; but for anything else it was dependent on her good offices and those of the sister next her in age, whose health was so precarious, that her assistance was principally confined to head work.

This sister was peculiarly attractive both in person and mind, and from her constitutional delicacy had to be cherished and spared in a hundred ways, which could not be extended to the strong and healthy members of the family. These sisters were close friends, till death parted them in middle life. Nothing ever marred their friendship. Again and again the elder stood aside for the younger, and gave up for her sake the ease and indulgence which might otherwise have been her portion. The offering was given and taken in the most confiding, affectionate spirit. The younger could no more help taking it than the elder could help giving it. Not a grudging thought marred the gift.

Of any invalid in the family, the hale elder sister, relieving the most kind but much-burdened mother, was the affectionate, unwearied nurse. No other would have been tolerated when she was to be had, and she was as willing to serve, as the others were ready to claim her services. Though the mother of the family was one of the most warm-hearted, unselfish, and diligent of women, and the father was thoroughly fatherly, it is hard to think how the children would have fared without the dear, dutiful, kind and bright elder sister, who never spared herself, never sought her own, and for that reason doubtless was one of the happiest women in the world, the springs of her happiness never running dry. Like her younger kinswoman, and some other members of her race, it was strangely touching to see how the sunshine of happiness chased away the gloom of a sick-room; how, for instance, not only the meek submission of a Christian, but the gleeful spirit of a humorist, was constantly ready to break forth in quick response to any gleam of fun, in little jokes of her own, even when the shadows were gathering thickly to their last heavy fall.

Years have fled since she was laid in her honoured grave, but her works follow her, and her memory will be cherished so long as any who really knew her—for she was thoroughly modest and humble-minded, and in some respects shy and reserved—survive to recall her and her virtues.

When Benjamin Parsons was dying, a friend asked him, "How are you to-day?" He answered, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows—Infinite Power, Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom."

UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Or blow they east, or blow they west?
What reck I how the tides may flow,
Since ebb or flood alike is best?
No summer calm, no winter gale,
Impedes or drives me from my way;
I steadfast toward the haven sail
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie;
The nights when fierce the billows rolled,
And changed my course, I knew not why.
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret
Which through those years of doubt I bore;
I keep the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.
What wrecks have passed me in a gale,
What ships gone down in summer-day;
While I, with furled or spreading sail,
Stood for the haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike is best?
God holds them in His hand, I know,
And I may leave to Him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger or delay,
As still I toward the haven sail
That lies, I know, not far away.

A. D. F. Randolph.

MRS. LORRIMER'S DAUGHTER; OR, FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS.

BY EDITH C. KENYON.

"DON'T tell mother."

"Why not, Beatrice?"

"Oh! you must not. Mother says I am not to think of such things for years. She says such young girls as we are very foolish to think anything about young men. She will not believe I am old enough."

"But it would be far better to tell her all about it," said Dorothy Maitland, the older speaker, earnestly; "I should if I were you."

"Yes; but you are different. Your mother does not look down upon you as if you were miles and miles below her in age and understanding and everything."

"That is true," said Dorothy, softly. "Mother and I have always been friends and companions."

Beatrice sighed as she turned away, saying that she must go home. She was a handsome, bright young girl of seventeen, but she was dressed with the utmost simplicity, almost childishly, in fact. Her naturally pretty, graceful figure was hidden in the folds of thick material, which some unskilled hand had formed into a dress. But nothing could obscure the beauty of her clear complexion, large dark blue eyes and golden hair. Her pretty mouth, however, pouted a little as she passed out of the garden in which she had been talking with her friend and went in the direction of her home.

"It is all very well for Dorothy to talk," she said to herself, "but her mother is not like mine. I dare tell Mrs. Maitland anything in the world, but mother is so different."

"Good afternoon, Miss Lorrimer," said a rather fast-looking youth of about her own age, coming suddenly round the corner of a lane close by.

"Good afternoon," said Beatrice, blushing, as she shook hands with him.

"How beautiful you look!" he exclaimed; and he went on complimenting her upon her appearance in a way which she was indeed foolish to allow. But the fact was that her mother had been very unwise in the treatment of her daughter. Ever since Beatrice had been old enough to read to herself, fiction of almost every kind had been forbidden to her. Even the pure, wholesome stories of our best authors had been peremptorily withheld from her, with many other books which most mothers would have allowed their daughters to read. Mrs. Lorrimer had lost her husband soon after the birth of her only child, and since then Beatrice had been the one object of her care and solicitude. Unfortunately, however, the mother was narrow-minded and self-opinionated.

"My child shall be a child as long as possible," she had said to Mrs. Maitland; "she shall be natural, and neither books nor companions of her own age shall, if I can prevent it, put ideas into her head of which I do not approve."

Mrs. Lorrimer did not care for story-books, and therefore she did not see why Beatrice should learn to care for them. Beatrice, it is true, did not like the weightier literature in which she herself was interested, but then, she decided, she must be taught to like it. In the matter of friends, too, with the exception of Dorothy Maitland, whose mother was too old a friend of Mrs. Lorrimer's to be kept at a distance, the poor girl had no companions of her own age out of school hours. It was in vain Mrs. Maitland suggested that a mother had better train her daughter to exercise her power of judgment, and, by instilling into her right principles, cause her to see for herself what was wrong and what was right. The other lady was convinced that her plan was better, and she succeeded in making Beatrice to a great extent a mental cripple and an exceeding simple-minded young woman, whose notions of right and wrong were usually restricted to the question whether her mother would or would not allow the matter.

The same treatment which Mrs. Lorrimer bestowed upon her daughter was also given to her servants, and amongst them it was even more productive of ill-effects. To deceive their mistress, who always laid down the laws so peremptorily, and, as it seemed to them, unreasonably, became a custom into which they were not slow to initiate Beatrice.

Mrs. Maitland's heart had ached for Beatrice when she had overtaken her one day, returning from the High School she attended, and eagerly devouring a very sensational novel as she walked.

"Don't tell mother," the child had pleaded, pitifully, when she was gently reproved.

But Mrs. Maitland had felt it to be her duty to do so, though she had expressly stipulated that the girl should not be punished on that occasion. She had begged Mrs. Lorrimer, too, to remove a prohibition which it was almost impossible for her daughter to obey; Mrs. Lorrimer, however, had obstinately adhered to her own opinion.

Mrs. Maitland therefore easily understood how it was when Dorothy said to her, on the evening of the day in which Beatrice had been confiding in her in the garden;—

"Mother, I want you to try and have a talk with Beatrice Lorrimer. I am afraid she is about to get into trouble, and I am sure she would confide in you if she had a chance."

"Has she told you about it?" asked Mrs. Maitland.

"Yes. And I have begged her to tell her mother, but in vain," replied Beatrice; "she said she would tell her mother if she were like you, but she cannot as it is."

The result of that conversation was that Beatrice was invited to come to tea the next day. Unfortunately, however, for Mrs. Maitland's plan, when she was in town the following afternoon she was detained until evening by business of importance. Before she arrived home Mrs. Lorrimer's maid had come for Beatrice. The houses were only a quarter of a mile or so apart, but Mrs. Lorrimer would not allow her daughter to walk even that short distance unattended. Beatrice had often fretted at this restriction of her liberty, as she thought it, for Dorothy always went to and fro in the daytime by herself. "It is just as if I could not be trusted!" said Beatrice, crossly, instead of trying to prove herself trustworthy. That evening it happened that she had her own reasons for wishing to be alone. As soon, therefore, as they were out of Mrs. Maitland's garden she begged the maid to go home another way, promising that her mother should not find out about it. The maid, who had friends of her own the other way, was nothing loth to oblige the young lady, and they accordingly separated.

The beautiful August evening was fast sinking into twilight as Mrs. Maitland, walking home from the town, found herself passing Mrs. Lorrimer's high garden-wall near a door which stood partly open.

"I am rather frightened, Bertie; but you will be sure to be there," she heard Beatrice saying.

"Yes, yes, I'll be there all right," answered a youth, with evident impatience. "Mind and don't keep me waiting, and take care your mother does not find out about it."

"Not she," said Beatrice; "I know exactly how to arrange it all, and to manage so that she will not find out."

"To-night, then, here, at eleven o'clock exactly."

"Yes," replied Beatrice, faintly.

Mrs. Maitland stood still in the shelter of the high wall in speechless perplexity. In a few moments a youth, whom she recognised at once, came out of the garden and closed the door carefully behind him.

"Bertie," said the lady, in a tone of gentle reproach. "Oh! Bertie, what are you doing?"

He started and turned very red. He was exceedingly afraid that all had been overheard. He was still such a boy, in spite of his age, that he was on the point of running away, and would certainly have done so if Mrs. Maitland had not laid her hand upon his arm.

"Tell me," she said, gently, "what is going to happen to-night at eleven o'clock?"

He looked wildly up and down the road, and then half-angrily into the sweet face by his side. Then he said, almost with a sob—

"If I tell you, you won't tell of us?"

"I think you may trust me," replied his gentle, motherly friend.

He looked at her again, and hesitated no more. Very shamefacedly, with crimson cheeks and downcast mien, he blurted out the whole story of what he thought was his love for Beatrice Lorrimer and of her unhappiness in her home.

"Her mother is a regular old tyrant," he ended; "she treats her as a child of six years old; she denies her almost every indulgence. We have agreed to run away to-night. We can easily find a hiding-place in London. We shall get married there, and I will find work and live for Beatrice."

Gently and earnestly Mrs. Maitland showed him how wrongly he was acting, and what a failure his whole scheme would prove if it were carried out.

"You have no mother, Bertie," she said, "or I would ask you to talk it over with her, and your father is reserved and—— No, my boy, I will not tell him," she broke off

to reply, in answer to his eager, beseeching whisper; "but you must promise me that you will not go on with this."

"But I must," he said. "You heard what I promised Beatrice?"

"I heard. But you must not—nay, more—you shall not go on with it."

"Beatrice will come here at eleven—she will be in despair if I am not here too."

"No, she will not," said Mrs. Maitland, quietly; "I will see about that."

"But how? What will you do?"

"I will meet her here myself. I will take care of her."

"You!"

He looked into her face, and his own cleared considerably. With a few hasty words of thanks and regret, he hurried away.

Eleven o'clock came at last. It was damp and cold and starlight. Mrs. Maitland was glad to wrap her warm fur cloak about her as she paced up and down the road by her friend's garden-wall. The old clock on the church-tower had just struck the hour when the door beside her was opened gently, and Beatrice's pale face and trembling form appeared.

"Is that you, Bertie?" she asked, in a voice which was strangely unlike her own.

"Beatrice," said Mrs. Maitland, gently, clasping the poor, frightened, foolish girl in her arms.

Beatrice hid her face against her shoulder, whispering—

"I am so glad, so very glad, I was *so* frightened. You won't tell any one, I know."

"Come home with me," said Mrs. Maitland, "and we will talk about it there."

Beatrice sobbed more than once as she went with her towards her house, but no more was said until they were alone in Mrs. Maitland's drawing-room, where hot coffee was waiting for them on a small table by the fire.

Mrs. Maitland poured out two cups, one of which she gave her young visitor with a smile as she said—

"Scarcely the hour for afternoon tea, is it? But we shall not be disturbed. Mr. Maitland is busy in his study."

Beatrice drank some coffee and looked round the pretty room, at the bright fire, and then up into the sweet, smiling, loving face beside her with deep gratitude. She was beginning to realise from what she had been saved.

"How did you know?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Bertie told me. I promised him I would take care of you."

"Did he deceive me, then?" began Beatrice, falteringly.

Mrs. Maitland explained how she had overheard their words.

"Of course I could not allow it to go on," she said.

"Shall you tell mother—as you once did about the book?" asked Beatrice, miserably.

"No, my dear, I shall not tell your mother. You are no longer a child; you will do that yourself."

Beatrice protested, but Mrs. Maitland talked long and lovingly to her, and showed her how wrong she had been, and how the little trial of confessing all to her mother was the least that she could now do to prove her repentance.

"You shall go home very early in the morning, before you have been missed," she said, "and, believe me, if you tell all to your mother and trust her as you should, she will be more easily reconciled than if I went to her with all the eloquence I could command."

Mrs. Maitland was right. Before the next day was over Mrs. Lorrimer came to thank her, with tears in her eyes, for her great kindness in this matter.

"You have saved my child," she said, more humbly than Mrs. Maitland had ever heard her speak, "and I have come to ask your advice as well as to thank you. What shall I do with her now?"

"Make a friend and companion of her as I do of Dorothy. Encourage her to tell you everything. Do not be too hard upon her, but put yourself sometimes in her place, as it were, and think how matters must seem to her," said Mrs. Maitland, adding, "and if you find that she and Bertie are still thinking much of one another, allow them to meet occasionally, and hold out the hope that if he works hard and gets on in his profession, and his character is such as you cannot fail to approve, if they still wish it, you will allow them some day to be engaged."

"But I do not feel as if I could ever so far forgive him."

"You must remember he, too, is very young, only seventeen, and, although he ought to have known better, he has no mother, and his father is stern and unsympathetic."

"That is what I have been," said Mrs. Lorrimer; "the faults of parents seem to be reflected in the sins of the children." She was very thoughtful for a few moments, then she said, "You are a wiser mother than I. Dorothy could never have acted in the way Beatrice has—you possess her confidence."

Mrs. Maitland sent Bertie Harmond to Mrs. Lorrimer the next day to beg for her forgiveness, which he did not do in vain. Somehow, in that inexplicable way in which ill news will spread, the matter reached his father's ears, and Bertie had to experience the mortification of being sent back to school for a year, just when he had begun studying for his preliminary examination in the medical profession.

Beatrice and Dorothy were allowed to be more together than ever, and the latter, encouraged by her mother, took especial delight in helping her friend to gain higher principles and nobler thoughts. The prohibition about books having been withdrawn, Beatrice read with delight some of the best fiction of the day, which taught her, as no mere precepts would have done, in what true refinement of mind and soul and true nobility really consist.

Years afterwards, with their parents' full consent, Beatrice Lorrimer and Bertrand Harmond were engaged, and, a little later, happily married.

HOUSEHOLD.

To Dress Collars.—Many women find great difficulty in getting up linen collars, etc., but the following directions will probably help them. About two ounces of wax and two quarts of water are allowed to each pound of starch:—"First dissolve the wax in boiling water, take the pipkin off the fire and allow it to stand for five minutes; during this time dissolve the starch in the smallest possible quantity of cold water, then pour it gradually into the pipkin, and boil for twenty-five minutes; keep stirring all the time. This starch can be used quite cold. Rub it well into the collars, wring as tight as you can; finish by wringing in a cloth, then iron; thus you will have them stiff without being hard, and when well dressed will have that beautiful elastic finish so much admired in new collars.—James Gormly."

Some people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for having put roses on thorns.—*Alphonse Karr.*

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

APRIL is the month that, with very rare exceptions, brings Easter, and Easter is the time of all others when most women require, or at all events like to have, new bonnets. It will be good news to the majority that this spring is to witness the revival of small bonnets, fitting closely and comfortably to the head. The trimming will be rather high, but not extravagantly so, and it will consist for the most part of bows of ribbon and velvet, or of double ruches of snipped-out silk. This may be stylishly applied to a plain bonnet shape covered with gauze or satin, with a small piece of beaded gimp down the middle of the crown, or to any of the fancy bonnets of this shape which may be bought untrimmed at very reasonable prices in the shops. The strings and the silk must be of the same colour, and the silk should be in three lengths, one of them wider than the others, so that it can be nicely arranged on the top of the front of the bonnet. The narrower pieces meet it on either side and are stitched on in what is called "waterfall" fashion. This is a kind of trimming very suitable to those who, either by preference or on principle, like to dispense with flowers and feathers, and underneath it the brim of the bonnet should be covered with crossway velvet, quite plain or a little fulled, according to the way in which the hair is dressed. Strings of the same snipped-out silk are very pretty, but not nearly so durable as ribbon. Printed pompadour mousseline-de-laines are still very much liked for summer dresses, and most of them wash well. They are particularly suitable for little girls, say between ten and sixteen, and we give an illustration of a pretty simple bodice and tunic made up over a plain skirt, and with a sash either of the stuff neatly hemmed round, or of silk or delaine to match the principal colour in the pompadour and the rows of trimming on the skirt. A cream petticoat trimmed with two rows of cardinal ribbon looks well with a cream-grounded tunic, with a cardinal pattern all over it. Or a cardinal petticoat goes just as well with such a tunic, and is more economical. The waist-band, collar and cuffs can also be of the plain delaine, which looks lighter and younger than velvet. Young people need not be vain because their frocks are pretty and tasteful, nor need the said frocks be any the more expensive on that account. Indeed, short lengths of two materials can often be bought cheaper and to better advantage than double the quantity of one alone, and girls are far more likely to keep themselves neat and nice if their clothes fit well and are tastily made than if they are excessively plain and unornamental. If there are two to be dressed alike the two skirts will finally make up into a useful frock for one, and, in all probability, the tunics can be picked to pieces and made over for younger children. Middle-class people always ought to look at these eventualities, and scheme to make the very best of every purchase from the time it is new and smart till it is fit only for the ragbag.

A fashion has come up, which is very pretty and not extravagant, of having tan-coloured and grey walking boots and shoes for summer weather. They will not stand a great deal of rough wear, but they are not expensive, and though they get just as dusty as black ones in hot weather they show it less. A child neatly dressed in brown holland or thin serge with tan-coloured cotton gloves and stockings and tan-leather shoes looks remarkably well. The shoes are not suède, but a slightly polished bright-looking leather with a sort of diamond pattern all over. Sometimes it can be had in the form of high buttoned boots.

Almost all bodices are worn with a long point in front, and they are sometimes so long as to be ugly. Still, a pointed long-waisted bodice sets off a good figure and makes the best of an indifferent one. The points, and in fact all the seams of modern bodices, require careful boning, and if the bones break or even bend all symmetry is lost. The best as well as the cheapest things to use are the "Perfection" steels, which come to us from America, though there is a manufactory of them now in London. They are made of watch-spring steel, imbedded in a cement which is impervious to moisture and placed between two thicknesses of the best Silesia. They are very easily herring-boned on to the open seams of the bodice, and if they break they cannot get out of place, as the cement keeps them quite immovable, and they are of all ordinary colours, such as black, white, pink, and blue, and make the insides of the dresses look very neat.

The gown, the mantle and the bonnet, or hat, with gloves and boots, are not the only items of dress to be considered. They are only the outside garb; and it is to be hoped that every woman who reads these lines makes a point of having her underlinen neat and well cared for. There is one item of underwear almost as often seen as the dress, and that is the *jupe* or upper petticoat. There is nothing so dainty as a white one, but washing is a considerable item in most households, and white skirts grow very soon soiled. Still they are indispensable with white or very light dresses, and it is desirable for most of us to have such as are plain and very easily ironed. A good way of making them is with a sloped front, two gores on each side, and a plain width or half-width behind. If before cutting these parts out you tear about five inches off each selvedge side of your long cloth, you will have long strips, which you can turn down all along the raw edge, and then proceed to stitch a series of tucks across it with the sewing machine. This will give you one or two kilted flounces, according to the quantity, and if you tack them round the bottom of the petticoat and head each by stitching it on with a narrow crossway band of long cloth you will have a well-setting and good-looking petticoat as easy to iron as a plain one. Pink linen, such as little children's frocks are made of, is very nice for ordinary wear in hot weather. If made as above suggested, or trimmed with a few rows of broad or narrow white cotton braid, it

keeps clean a very long while and always looks well if the dress is lifted. It is far better to have good plain undergarments of this kind than to wear coarse, common embroidery, which looks pretentious and vulgar, and speedily wears out.

The flat pattern of the girl's bodice and tunic, and also the pattern for petticoat, which serves for foundation skirt as well, can be had by enclosing 9½d. in stamps for the former and 6½d. for the latter, to "M. L.," at the office of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION. *Every effort will be made to dispatch patterns promptly, but we cannot guarantee to send them by return of post.*

SUPPERS AND BREAKFASTS.

II.

SUPPER.—Fried fish; ground-rice pudding, with prunes.

Breakfast.—Scalloped fish; cocoa; bread and butter.

The following dishes may be made with almost any fish which happens to be in season, such as plaice, mackerel, dabs, herring, etc., and the number of fishes must, of course, be proportioned to their size. A shilling will therefore be allowed as the cost, which should be carefully laid out on fresh fish.

Whether a fish is really fresh can easily be ascertained by examining the eyes, which must be prominent and clear; directly the fish ceases to be fresh, the eyes become sunken and thick-looking. The gills should be bright red, not dark; but this is not so easily known, or so certain a test as the eyes. There should be no sort of disagreeable smell; if there is, on no account buy the fish, as it is most unwholesome. Fish needs thorough cleaning, and should then be rinsed in cold water and dried with a cloth; if it be left wet the bread crumbs will fall off.

Fried Fish.

Materials.—Fish for six; ½ lb. bread crumbs; 1 egg; flour, 1 tablespoonful; 1 lb. clarified fat.

Directions.—Clean and dry the fish, rub it over with flour. Beat up the egg on a plate, brush the fish all over with egg, and then dip it in the bread crumbs. (N.B.—These must be very fine, and should be rubbed through an iron-wire sieve, stale bread being used.) Shake off all loose crumbs, and dip it again till well covered. Put the fat into a frying-pan or stew-pan, and let it boil until a grey smoke passes over it, which will be in about ten minutes or less, if the fire be strong. Place the fish carefully in the boiling fat, and fry a golden brown colour, take it out and drain it for half a minute on white blotting paper. (If the fish be at all thick, it must be split in two for frying, or it will not be cooked all through.) Serve on a cut paper with a garnish of parsley. Time, 1 hour.

Ground-rice Pudding, with Prunes.

Materials.—Ground-rice, 1 teacupful; milk, 1 quart; sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls; salt, ½ teaspoonful; prunes, ¼ lb.

Directions.—Stew the prunes in a jar with half the sugar and half a pint of water; lay them in the bottom of a pie dish. Mix the ground-rice and the rest of the sugar evenly with the cold milk, pour it over the prunes, and bake for an hour in a moderate oven. Time, 2 hours.

This is a nice and wholesome pudding for children; if they are very young, it is well to stone the prunes before laying them in the dish.

The breakfast dish should be prepared over night in the following way:—

Take from the bones all the fish left from supper, lay it on a greased tin dish lined with bread crumbs, add pepper and salt, cover it with bread crumbs, and a little butter at the top. Cover it closely all night by reversing a pie-dish over it, and bake it half an hour before breakfast in a hot oven till brown. The only materials needed for this, beyond those under the head of fried fish, are half a pound of bread crumbs and a little butter.

Cocoa.

Few people can make good cocoa, and yet it is not difficult if clearly understood. Cocoa should always be made in a small lined saucepan, which might be kept for this only, as it easily takes up the smell of any other thing which has been cooked in the same pan, and is constantly spoiled by another flavour. The fine aroma, too, which it possesses, is soon dissipated by boiling, so that cocoa should be served directly it boils; five minutes of waiting on the hob changes it into a tasteless mess, for all the delicious aroma has gone up the chimney. Cadbury's Essence is mentioned in the following recipe, but other cocoas may be used, only remembering that the quantity mentioned as necessary for a cup of cocoa (on the packet) is usually too small, the makers trying to out-do each other by recommending their special cocoas as the most economical.

To make a Teacupful of Cocoa.

Materials.—1 good teaspoonful of Cadbury's Essence; 1 teaspoonful of sugar; ½ teacupful of milk; ½ teacupful of water.

Directions.—Mix the cocoa with a tablespoonful of the water, till not a lump remains, then add the rest of the water and the milk. Put this into a small lined saucepan, place it on a quick fire, and bring to the boil as quickly as possible, stirring occasionally. Put the sugar into the cup, and pour the cocoa on it the moment it boils. Serve while it is creaming.

In the following table of expenses, cocoa is allowed for all; but the clarified fat, used to fry the fish, is not charged for, as it should be used again and again for frying. To keep it properly, it must be strained through a tin sieve into a tin basin, while hot, and if only used at a high temperature will keep for weeks, and fry everything necessary.

Directions for clarifying fat were given early in Series I. of these papers in the issue of this Magazine for Feb., 1887.

Expenses for Supper and Breakfast.

Fish, 1s.; bread crumbs, 1½d.; egg, 1d.; ground-rice, 1d.; milk, 6d.; cocoa, 2d.; sugar, 1½d.; prunes, 2d.; butter, 4d.; bread, 4½d.; salt, etc., ½d. Total, 3s.

Average, 6d. per head for six persons.

I. L. Richmond.

To cure a cold, put a large teacupful of linseed with ¼ lb. raisins and 2 ozs. Spanish liquorice into two quarts of water, and let it simmer over a slow fire till reduced to one quart. Add it to a ¼ lb. pounded sugar-candy; to this may be added a little lemon juice, when the "linseed tea" is taken. The dose is half a pint, made warm on going to bed; and a little may be taken whenever the cough is troublesome.